

Ignorance Is Bliss

Kendrick Lamar

[Verse 1:]

Kill him where he stand or stand over him shake his hand
Then jump back in that mini van, double back to his block
And blam I ain't backing down for nothing
I'm a back em down like Shaq with this black 2-2-3 in my hand
Better pray that this chopper jam, like a radio single, man
Police radio signals sayin' that a 187 land on your corner,
Coroners comfort your mama, mama he's dead,
The next morning high toasted up with my homies
We drink and smoke marijuana, want us to change our ways? Uh-huh
You see this game we play come from uncles that raised me in Compton
Ask me what I have accomplished
I don't know I don't have conscience
I just load up and start dumpin' on enemies I'm head hunting
No sympathy, ain't no love when you in these streets just get something
Protect ya neck cause they comin' for set respects split your onion
Then chop your deck your head tumblin' like gymnastics
Cause ignorance is bliss[Verse 2:]

This the hardest shit you've heard from LA this far
And I'm this far, from a discharge but never will I dish off
We all tryna ball and when I got the rock I'll dish off
Until the day I pistol whip you posers till ya'll pissed off
Then peel off, in a hooptie
Come back and make these niggas wanna shoot me
And they bitches wanna salute me or seduce me
Indubitably I'm too street
Indubitably I'm a do me
Better than your bitch would
But you niggas too weak, but just give me 2 weeks
And I'm good
I'll make an album that'll put a smile on Malcolm
Make Martin Luther tell God I'm the future for Heaven's talent
No tarot card reading I'm foreseeing you niggas vanish
Not only from the rap game, I'm including the planet
Cats so watered down clowns can sink Titanic
Tie titanium around their neck and watch em panic
Give me respect, dammit, or get damaged
Die young, corpse identified by your parents
Apparently you a parrot

Mocking me and my blueprint
But I won't share it just make you cop it then call you a sheriff
Stop it, I'm hearin' the comments
The critics are calling me conscious
But truthfully, every shooter be callin' me Compton
So truthfully, only calling me Kweli and Common?
Proves, that ignorance is bliss[Verse 3:]
And this still the hardest shit you've heard from LA this far
And I'm this far, from a discharge but never will I dish off
This my world, I grab the universe then play kickball
And they wonder why these California earthquakes hit so hard
I'm so-Cal, you so called
Rappers need to go call
Ghostbusters to shoot busters I'm Casper when I go off
I show up, to show out to show off
You a hundred percent behind me
And if you hard then wreck your car and walk up to my crime scene
I remember being 17 wishing someone would sign me
Now the only way these labels get me back is when they rewind me
Backin' down boggins
Backin' down bitches
We gon' flip her once she off that blue dolphin
You gon' tip her
Cause ignorance is bliss
And Willy B I'm a fool on yo beats, I bleed out the speaker
As the speaker that spoke when they done speak

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>